

THE  
BATTLE OF BROOKLYN,

F A R C E

OF  
TWO ACTS.

AS IT WAS PERFORMED ON

LONG ISLAND,

On TUESDAY the 27th. of AUGUST, 1776.

By the REPRESENTATIVES of the TYRANTS of

A M E R I C A,

ASSEMBLED AT PHILADELPHIA.

*For as a Flea, that goes to bed,  
Lies with his tail about his head;  
So, in this mongrel State of ours,  
The rabble are the supreme powers;  
Who've hors'd us on their backs, to shew us  
A jadish trick, at last, and throw us*

HUDIBRAS.

NEW-YORK: Printed for J. RIVINGTON,

C O R K.

Re-printed by J. SULLIVAN, Castle-street, 1777.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

\* \* The Editor thinks it incumbent on him to inform the Public, that the following little *PIECE* was written by an Officer in *New-York*, and was held in such estimation, that a very large edition was, in a few days, purchased with the greatest avidity at 1s. 6d. each.

---

### Dramatis Personæ.

#### M E N.

WASHINGTON,

PUTNAM,

SULLIVAN,

STIRLING,

LASHER, *a Shoemaker of New-York,*

CLARK, *a Retailer of Rum in Connecticut,*

REMSEN, *a Farmer of Newtown, Long-Island,*

EBENEZER SNUFFLE, *a New-England Parson, Chaplain to General Putnam.*

JOE KING, *Servant to Stirling.*

NOAH, *Servant to Sullivan.*

SKINNER, *a Thief, employed by Putnam.*

} Rebel Chiefs

} Colonels.

#### W O M E N.

LADY GATES.

BETTY, *her Servant.*

Officers and Soldiers.

SCENE, partly within the Rebel Lines at *Brooklyn* ;  
and partly at *Gwanas*.

**HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY**

FROM

THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERETT MASON WENDELL

1894



T H E  
BATTLE of BROOKLYN.

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

*An Apartment at Brooklyn.*

*Enter STIRLING as from his bed-room, rubbing his head.*

STIRLING.

JOE ! honest Joe !——Damn the fellow where can this King be ; (*looking at his watch*) odso, almost twelve o'clock.

*Enter KING.*

*King.* Why here, my Lord—Devil damme Sir, pray who do you damn so ?

*Stir.* My dear Joe, the cares that distract, and split the poor head of mine——

*King.* Split!—Yes, by Heaven! you drank *slinkabus* enough last night, to split the head of an Indian!

*Stir.* Insolence!—in future know me for your master—your Lord! who has the disposal of your life.

*King.* I must hold a candle to this Devil: (*Aside.* My Lord, I ask your pardon; I mean no harm, but only as an old acquaintance.—You know, my Lord, I am given to joking, and you formerly encouraged me in it, when we were concerned together in the paper manufactory.

*Stir.* Forgive me, honest Joe—the public cares so hang upon me, that they quite destroy my constitutional good humour. The Regulars are near to us, and every moment we expect them over the hills.

*King.* Your Lordship has so long, and so uniformly wished to meet them, that I thought, the nearer the prospect, the better you would have been pleased. You have no doubt, my Lord, of spitting, and roasting, and pickling these red coat fellows.

*Stir.* We are to meet at the Church this day, to determine in council, what to do with them. I am for surrounding—surrounding! is the word with me: if they were twenty times the number, I say surround them all!—But these gripes, Joe, and my canteens are empty: you must procure me something for them.

*King.* O Heavens, the gripes!—Zounds! a puncheon of Jamaica to have the gripes. (*aside.*) I have some peach brandy, my Lord.

*Stir.* The best of all possible things: it so admirably fits a man for the cabinet and the field. (*Knocking at the door.*) What can that mean; run Joe, and see who knocks.

*King.* I go Sir. (*As he goes observes Stirling's countenance.*) Pale and trembling, by that august body the Congress.

(*Aside and exit.*

*Stir.* These bloody fellows, I fear, are in motion.  
I hope



I hope to God that damn'd rascal King will be shot ; he has been my evil genius, ever since I was concerned with him in counterfeiting paper currency.

*Enter KING.*

Dear Joe, what is the matter ?

*King.* Nothing but to desire you to meet the other Generals in council, two hours hence, at the church.

*Stir.* O, is that all ; I shall attend ; in the mean time, go to the Commissary of Rum, and get my canteens filled ; and by all means, my good Joe, be at home when I return.

*(Exit Stirling.)*

*King.* Canteens filled——and then thy whole soul will be in thy canteens. That is, if he has credit enough with the Commissary, to get his canteens filled with rum, he will belch it out of his stomach in the damn'dest lies, that ever disqualified a man for the character of a Gentleman : and yet, Parson M'Worther, bellows from his pulpit, that this most *ignobleman*, is a chosen vessel, to execute the Lord's work.——Ill-fated country ! when will this delusion end ?

*The Scene changes to a small House, in a Field : Cattle and Horses grazing.*

*Enter LASHER and CLARK.*

*Clark.* Behold, Colonel, these flocks and herds ; with the sword of Gideon have I made them mine ; and honestly collected them, in the district allotted to me by our agreement.

*Lasher.* I rejoice with you in the acquisition. My harvest from the Wallabocho, is like the miraculous draught :——two hundred and seven head of horned beasts, and thirty-seven horses, graze where my guards direct.

*Clark.* Favour has not been so amply manifested unto me ; for, from the farthest verge of Gwanas, even from

from Gaspar's house, till you come to Brewer's mills, one hundred and nine horned, and twenty-eight beasts of burthen, were all I could collect : nor was there compassion in my soul, to spare one of the kine for milk, to the offspring of a people, who believe that men cannot be saved by faith alone, without works.

*Lash.* Impious and blasphemous tenet ; destructive of Republicanism and Intoleration. I doubt whether such people should be spared from the sword — But, brother Clark, to secure what we have thus obtained by a strong hand, and mighty arm, was assigned to your care and prudence.

*Clark.* That I am not unworthy of the trust, you are to know, that nine of our sloops will, this day, be discharged from the continental service : to-morrow, they will be ready at the ferry to receive the spoil. Every fifth beast, by lot, is to be the wages of their safe delivery, at New-Haven, in Connecticut, the residence of the faithful. But, we being fellow-labourers, if you approve — Tabitha, the wife of my bosom, shall be charged with the care of your cattle.

*Lash.* Be it as thou hast said ; at her hands I will require them ; and as I had allotted to myself a large brass Kettle, in a former division of the spoil, with the Cattle let it be convey'd, as a testimony of the love I bear unto her.

*Clark.* Whatever is in thy heart to do, that do and prosper. I hear that twelve thousand are to keep the hills to day ; spies proclaim some motion in the camp of the Philistians.

*Lash.* What the end of these things will be, I know not ; but as my soul liveth, I mean not to budge a jot beyond the summit of the hill ; keeping in full view, and practicable acquisition, the fort called GREEN.

*Clark.* Know you not, the wise determination of the Congress on that head ; stimulated thereto, by the prudence of our Generals ; who, I do believe, received it by inspiration ?

*Lash.*

*Lash.*  
might  
joy.

*Clark.*  
the fo

*Lash.*  
the fe

*Clark.*  
sylvan

of Eu  
Germ

*Lash.*  
lack

*Clark.*  
burth

solve  
expe

inspi  
*Lash.*

wid  
*Clark.*

glea  
wou

near

*Ente*

*Lash.*  
*Clark.*

sent

this

us

blo

*Lash.* Ignorant have I been kept ; but unfold the mighty tydings, for I already perceive they are big with joy.

*Clark.* Have you not observed, with what address the southern militias are drawn hither ?

*Lash.* They are here I know, but am yet to learn the secret cause, if any secret cause there be.

*Clark.* Know, then, that the Marylanders, Pennsylvanians, and the rifle regiments, are mostly composed of *Europeans* ; a great majority of which are Irish and Germans.

*Lash.* These things I am no stranger to, but still lack information.

*Clark.* Which way soever the battle tends, the burthen and heat of it will be theirs ; for thus it is resolved, to spare the *natives*, and make no account of the expenditure of the *Europeans* : feel you the power of inspiration now ?

*Lash.* Wonderful ! truly wonderful workings of wisdom indeed !

*Clark.* But for some twenty head of cattle, the gleanings of Gwanas, in the orchard of one Bergen, I would not go so far : these once obtained, we will be near each other.

*Enter Remsen without a hat ; his hair on end ; his coat torn, and every mark of fear about him.*

*Lash.* Mercy ! mercy ! O Lord, where are they ?

*Clark.* O Heavens ! he is wounded, and out of his senses ! Dear Colonel, can you speak ?

*Rem.* Oh ! Heere Godt ! what merciful 'scape I get this time.—Shentlemen, have you seen my *regment* ?

*Clark.* No, where did you leave it ?—Lord help us ! how near is the enemy ?

*Rem.* O Godt ! O Godt ! O Godt !—Comt the bloodt out of me in any place ?

*Lash.* Blood, no ; nor can I see any body coming  
after

after you : your hurt, I fancy, is fear ! Colonel ; and your wound must be fought for in your breeches ! but, compose yourself, and tell us what has happened.

*Rem.* Well, I will tell you, then. I was, yust now van the head of my *regment*, close up behind *Shon van, Dinen's* field. I keep my eye op *Arian Mortes's* lane. I see, yust by the groundt, something creep : I say my *regment*, take care of yourself boys. I peep again mit both mine eyes, and see nothing : I say, boys, 'tis close up with us now—they begin for to run ; my horse he see the danger too, and carry me off : Godt knows I get here ; I believe the rest is all killed, or taken prisoners.

*Enter an Officer.*

Godt blefs you *ayudant*, where is the *regment* ?

*Offi.* Where ! damn them, scattered in every cover between this and the place where you started.

*Rem.* Heere Godt ! all killed ?

*Offi.* Killed ! ne, nor any of them hurt, except four or five that you rode over : why, there was not a regular within a mile, when you took fright.

*Lasth.* O you ungodly coward ! out from presencé of the brave !

*(Kicks him off, and exit after him.)*

*Offi.* That fellow kicks as awkward, as if he soon expected the same discipline : but I will go and try, if possible, to collect our heroes.

*(Exit Officer.)*

*Clark.* What credulous stuff, these *New-Yorkers* are made of. The bill of lading for the cattle and horses will be in my name only : Poor Lather ! not a hide of them shalt thou have, to put a stitch in :—and then there is the Kettle, too a ! ha ! ha !

*(Exit laughing.)*

SCENE



SCENE, a Room at Brooklyn Ferry.

*Enter Lady GATES and BETTY.*

*Betty.* After Council, Mem, General Washington will wait of you ; till then he begs your patience, as the time is near that he is to meet the rest of the Generals.

*Lady G.* Council ! a pretty collection of Councilors, indeed : but since it must be so, you shall comply with your promise to me, girl, by giving me the narrative of Harrison and your General : it will beguile the time.

*Bet.* La, mem, you so discomfit me, by claiming this promise, that I'm a blush all over.

*Lady G.* Why, Betty, you must have assumed the blushing trade lately ; it was not always so with you.

*Betty.* Indeed, your Ladyship does not make proper allowances for necessity and inexperience.—Fifty dollars, and hard ones too, with a promise of fifty times as much, was irresistible : but Oh ! the nasty beast ! I almost puke at the recollection.

*Lady G.* Oh ! that must be affectation, for, bless, me, what could raise such ideas ?

*Betty.* Why, he is such a slobbering, odious, unfavoury smelling creature, that I wonders any woman in the world could sleep a night by his side.

*Lady G.* And yet, you see, that fifty hard dollars, made you put up, for a night, with all the inconvenience of bad smells.

*Bet.* A night ! your Ladyship wrongs me very much : why, he snored within an hour ! and the first snore was a signal of my retreat. I am sure, I should have been a corps, if I had been obliged to stay the night.

*Lady G.* Fifty dollars, is a good deal of money, Betty ; but did he make no claim upon you afterwards ?

*Bet.* Indeed, mem, he stay'd from Congress on purpose to tease me : why he cry'd, and said he was in

B

liquor

liquor that night, and did every thing, I think, that could make me despise him ; but all would not do.

*Lady G.* And there your affairs ended with Harrison, did they not, Betty ?

*Bet.* Not quite, my Lady ; for when he found I could not abide him, he proposed to introduce General Washington to me. The General was a very pretty Gentleman, and I consented to it, on purpose to get rid of Harrison.

*Lady G.* This I should have imagined a favourable change myself, Betty, was it not ?

*Bet.* The General is the sweetest, meekest, melancholy, sighing Gentleman ; and then he is such a warrior—O mem, I shall always love the General.

*Lady G.* And among his other qualifications, the most liberal.

*Bet.* Why, my Lady, I will tell you honestly : his Excellency gave me a thirty dollar bill ; he assured me it would have been more, but that he was obliged to repay Harrison the fifty hard dollars, that he had given me : now, mem, is not Harrison a dirty fellow, in every shape, that you can view him ?

*Lady G.* No great things, girl, to be sure, from your account of him ; neither is your meek, melancholy hero, from my own observation.

*Bet.* Lord !—lord !—mem, did he not make codfish of them all at Boston ! and has he not seen tory men rid upon rails at New-York, by the tailors and cobblers of the town ! And more, my lady, did he not order the King's statue to be pulled down, and the head cut off ! for God's sake, mem, what would you have of a hero ?

*Lady G.* *Codfish at Boston !* it is really an odd term, Betty : but he did no more than that old fool Putnam would have done : his not forbidding that insult to humanity, at New York, was countenancing an act of barbarism ; and none, but a little-minded barbarian would

would have suffered the Arts to be trampled under foot, as he did, in the case of the King's statue.

*Bet.* You know of these things best, mem, to be sure: but I have heard the New-England Officers say, that he should be their General no longer than he pleased them, and, may be, they would have it so.

*Lady G.* Be you assured, girl, that if he had native dignity of heart, he would have soon convinced the rabble, that they must be governed by him, notwithstanding that he may have obtained his power by an usurpation from themselves—but hark! what clamorous noise is that in the street? run and learn.

*Exit Betty.*

There appears to be some commotion, and it grows late; I begin to despair of seeing the General.

*Enter BETTY.*

*Bet.* O, my Lady, do not let us wait to see the General. The New-England Colonies are in a mutiny; and say they will not fight, if the boats are not all ready to carry their men off to New-York, when they run away: let us go, dear mem, for I do not think we shall be safe, on this side of the Allegany mountains.

*Lady G.* I will take your advice, girl. O Horatio! that you should fully your laurels in the abominable cause of Republican Tyrants, and Smugglers in power:—to be a runnagate for such miscreants, almost distracts me.

*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to Brooklyn Church.

*Washington, Putnam, Sullivan and Stirling in Council.*

*Wash.* Gentlemen, spies from Flat-Bush inform, that the regulars are making a disposition to cross the hills, near that place.—General Putnam's wisdom in ordering that place to be flanked with breast-works, is now apparent. Lord Stirling, with his usual intrepidity

dity and precision, has reconnoitered their numbers, which he finds to be about seven thousand. General Sullivan has appointed the hill with exquisite judgment; where the Brigades under him and Lord Stirling, are to take post, and act as occasion may require: twelve thousand men are allotted for the service of sending them back to their ships. I, with eight thousand, will stay within these lines, to be called out to the slaughter and pursuit; unless our present deliberations alter this plan of operation. My Lord, the Council expects your opinion.

*Stir.* I rise to give it, to the most respectable, and most puissant council of general officers, that this or any other age ever produced. I would not presume, Gentlemen, to speak in this place, without being conscious that I possess the energy and oratory of a *Burke!* or even write on the subject, but that I feel the powers, and the pen of a *Junius!* That I reconnoitered them, is most true; and if my weak opinion has any weight in council, I am for *surrounding* them, and when we have got them hemmed in, I am then for sending to our noble Commander in chief, in these lines, —to know what to do with them.

*Sul.* Pompous, flimsy, drunken fool. (*Aside.*) The noble Lord has said nothing against the disposition that the General had pointed out, and of which I approve.—His Lordship's ideas are exceedingly *surrounding*; I wish the practice may be as easy as the theory, and that their numbers may not exceed seven thousand: —but if the council holds the opinion of General Washington and myself, our deliberations are at an end; and we cannot be too soon at our different posts.

*Put.* I this morning gave the chaps another pill, and I will tell you how: you know the road to Bedford, a little on this side the house that the bandy-legged Jew lives in; well, d'ye see, there is on each side the road, a stone wall, near three feet high; beyond that, on each



each side, are clear fields——what do you think I have done there ?

*Stir.* Why something like a great officer; no body doubts.

*Put.* Swamp me, if I have not hove up a breast-work, right across the road, from wall to wall:—but, before we break up, determine, Gentlemen, what I am to do with my prisoners.

*Stir.* Right, General; I should have gone to my post, and been at a loss on this head.

*Wash.* Send them to me: a great part of Fort Green is allotted for their reception; but be sure that they are disarmed, and well guarded.

*Stir.* O, to-be-sure; undoubtedly, Sir, we will take care of that. I am for my post: Gentlemen, farewell.

*Put.* A little business dispatched, and I will call upon you there.

*(Exit Sterling.)*

If your Excellency should have any commands for me an hour hence, I may be found upon the Flat-bush road: your servant, Gentlemen.

*(Exit Putnam.)*

*Wash.* Good betide them both.——After this fustian, a little sober reasoning, General Sullivan, may fit the mind for the doubtful events of war. My apprehensions from the King's troops, believe me, are trifling, compared with the risque we run, from the people of America at large. The tyranny, that our accursed usurpation has made necessary, which they now feel, and feeling, I fear, will soon make them see thro' the disguise. Their rage, no doubt, will be heightened, by the slaughter that will probably ensue; and we, as members of the Congress, fall the first victims of —— O Sullivan! my heart never consented to this ruin of my native country!

*Sul.* My dear General, the moments for reflection  
are

are elapsed, and irrecoverable. Our safety is first in conquest ; if that is denied to our endeavours, I am sure, we can obtain better terms, from our much injured Sovereign, than from our more injured country . —but wear a less rueful countenance ; it is a proverb among the troops, that their General is much melted down, since the fleet arrived.

*Wash.* Our Soldiers are a standing miracle to me : they define sensibly upon matters that are unimportant to them, and resign their powers of thinking to us, in a case where their all is at stake ; and do not yet discover, that we make them the engines of our power, at the expence of all that is dear and sacred to them as men ! —but avaunt reflection ! Our hope, my dear Sullivan, is in you ; every command of ground is ours, with a perfect knowledge of all the woods and defiles : these advantages, at the least, double the strength of our men : and if we cannot defend these, I know of no place we can.

*Sul.* All things that depend upon me, will, I hope, meet with your approbation ; and I shall aim to infuse such sentiments into the troops, that our next meeting may be ushered in, with greetings of congratulation : till then, my dear General, farewell.

*(Exit Sullivan.)*

*Wash.* Greetings of congratulation ! —oh ! could I congratulate myself, on finding my lost peace of mind ! —on the restoration of my honour ! O ! cursed ambition ! what have I sacrificed to thee ? An ambition, too, of foreign growth ; obtruded upon me by the most artful, insinuating villians, that ever enslaved a, once, free and happy country. To behold myself, against my principle and better judgment, made the tool of their diabolical determinations. to entail a war upon my fellow-subjects in America. —Heigh ! ho ! *(looking at his watch.)* Bless me, so late, and my engagements to a Lady not complied with.

*(Exit.)*

SCENE

SCENE, a Room, in a House at Brooklyn.

*Enter* PUTNAM and SNUFFLE.

*Snuff.* My dear General, the great, the important day advances ; big with the fate of empire, in the united States of America.

*Put.* True, good Sir : and I laugh to think, that when we have established our power, and driven these Red-coats into the sea, what ripping reformation you Gentlemen will make in church affairs. Down goes Episcopacy and Quakerism, at least : I hope you won't leave one broad-brim on the continent.

*Snuff.* Why really, General, we shall be very apt to make free with those Gentlemen. We have long beheld, with a jealous eye, the growing power of the Episcopal Clergy ; and considered them as the only obstacle to our becoming the heads of the Church, in America ; a dignity, that so properly belongs to the Elect, and for which, they have had the assurance to contend with the Lord's own people. As for the Quakers, who in general have joined the Tories against us, we shall not fail to produce " an ancient testimony " in their behalf : I mean the testimony of our forefathers ; till with fines, whipping, imprisonment, and the gallows, we have extirpated them from the face of the earth.

*Put.* In the mean time, we shall not be behind-hand with the Tories : for, as the best estates in America belong to them, it is but cooking up some new-fangled oath, which their squeamish consciences won't let them swallow ; then, whip go their estates, like a juggler's ruse, and themselves to prison, to be hanged as traitors to the common-wealth:

*Enter Skinner.*

*Snuff.* Very true, my dear General : but here comes one

one of your Officers. I will retire, to offer up my prayers for the success of our arms ; while you pursue, the more important business of your department.

(Exit.

*Put.* Adieu, Sir. Well, Skinner, what news with you ?

*Skin.* The horses are delivered, as your Excellency directed. They are, by this time, well on their way to Connecticut ; and so elegant a string of nine horses, are not to be pick'd up again, on all Long-Island.

*Put.* My letter tells me they are clever horses :—but that horse of *Polhemus*—O, my heart was set upon that horse : you let him slip through your fingers carelessly, Skinner ; or did the owner of him, tempt you with a bribe, to leave him—I wish to know where he is ?

*Skin.* I know where he is, to the length of my whip—I careless ! I take a bribe !—why the General should know me better ; the horse is at Haerlem.

*Put.* At Haerlem !—why what notion of deviltry could send him there ! Is there any body but us upon the lay, on this island ?

*Skin.* What's his name brought him there—damn his name, I can't remember it : he is son, however, to the Governor of Rhode-Island.

*Put.* O ho ! then I quite excuse you ; you are too young in the business, to be a match for young filch : he inherits his father's talents. I had expectation, though, that we should have done better, with your knowledge of the country, and other advantages.—I had reckoned upon twenty horses.

*Skin.* I myself, Sir, thought that number sure, but he lay in my rear, and brought off six that I had reconnoitred.

*Put.* Well Skinner, as the business is over for the present, and we expect bloody noses in a few hours, there is a hundred dollars for your encouragement. [Gives him a handful of congress notes.] Go over, now, and join your regiment.



*Skin.* I hope your excellency will reconsider the matter, and make it more: there is not one of the horses, but what is worth more than a hundred and fifty soft dollars;—consider, Sir!

*Put.* Consider!—why you are an unreasonable whelp! do you consider, that I took you from serving drams to Negroes, for your mother Foster at Rockaway, and robbing the neighbouring henroosts for a livelihood! From petty larceny, you cur, I put you at the head of the profession; procured you a lieutenant's commission, and a separate command to hunt Tories on this island, in order to push you forward,—and dare you grumble?

*Skin.* I do not grumble, Sir; but fifty dollars more, would enable to take the field with credit: it would make my regimentals my own.

*Put.* I seldom mistake my men: I knew that you had talents, Skimmer, or I should not have employed you: I will therefore point out a fund for you, to raise the fifty dollars more. Remember, Sir, the fuzee you filched at Merrick; item, the two watches, rings, &c. &c. at several other places; you gave me no account of these, though I had an equitable demand upon you for half. There is a fifty dollar fund for you,—don't you think, young man, to catch old birds with chaff. It is near night: I must to my post, and get you over the ferry to your duty.

[Exit Putnam.]

*Skin.* What a damn'd old scoundrel he is: how the devil did he know of the gun, and the other things?—In future I will do business for myself.

[Exit.]



## A C T II.

SCENE, a *Hill* at Gwanas, about two miles from Brooklyn lines, with an encampment on it.

Time, about three o'clock in the morning.

*Enter a SOLDIER.*

*Sol.* **W**HERE's General Stirling?—hollo, General Stirling!—Zounds! how dark it is.

*Enter Stirling half dressed.*

*Stir.* For God's sake! what is the matter sentry!

*Sol.* Here, Sir! it is I that call, to inform your Lordship, there has been a great deal of shooting towards the Red Lyon, within this little while.

*Stir.* Dear sentry, which way did it come from?

*Sol.* I can hardly tell, Sir; but it seemed tight work for a little while:—there! there it begins again.

*Stir.* It does indeed: do you think it comes any thing nearer, sentry?

*Sol.* Rather nearer, if any thing; though much in the same place.

*Stir.* Run, sentry, to the rear; make my respects to General Sullivan, and beg of him to come hither.

*Sol.* I will, my Lord. There it goes again: ripping work, my Lord!

*(Exit Soldier.)*

*Stir.*

*Stir.* Now will I endeavour to get button'd up, and my garters tied.

*Enter CLARK.*

O Colonel Clark ! from whence—from whence are you come ?

*Clark.* From where our out-sentries are attacked.—I see you are getting ready, my Lord.

*Stir.* But where are they attacked ? Where is the enemy ? Are there many of them—are they coming forward—is any body killed—say dear Will ?

*Clark.* I cannot tell you half of what you have already asked me ; but I will tell you all I know. They sent a Captain to relieve me ; I would not be relieved by a Captain, so I went to sleep at one Bergen's, from whence the out-sentries were relieved. This Bergen awaked me awhile ago, and said there was shooting in his field.

*Stir.* God blefs me ! shooting in his field ! was it near the house ?

*Clark.* Very near—so I stole out, for I knew the road, dark as it was. Every thing was still, as if nothing had happened ; except some groans of dying men, that appeared to be at a little distance. But I have seen nothing, nor heard any thing by the way.

*Stir.* Then their numbers are still a secret ?

*Clark.* I will be bound there are not fifty of them, or there would have been some noise.

*Stir.* O damn it ! 'tis nothing but a scouting party.

—Come, Colonel, we will take a whistle from my canteens.

*Clark.* With all my heart, my Lord.—Poison take the canteens ; I have lost the cattle, that were in Bergen's orchard. (*Aside.*

*Enter five Soldiers.*

What are these! who are you?

*1st Sol.* We are the remains of the out-post guard, your honours.

*Stir.* And where are the rest of the guard, my good lads?

*1st Sol.* In Sarah's bosom, I hope.

*2d Sol.* In Abraham's bosom, he means, noble General.

*1st Sol.* Blood-an-oons, is she not his wife? which makes it all one.

*Stir.* Leave off this trifling, and tell me what you know.

*1st Sol.* Your honour must know, that we *was* standing by the end of a side of an Indian corn-field, up yonder a-piece. We heard something rustle among the water-mellon leaves, and saw something move; we bid them stand, and blazed away like brave boys.

*Stir.* Well, my lad, and what followed?

*1st Sol.* Followed! by my soul, a sharp iron thing, that they call a bayonet.

*Stir.* And what then?

*1st Sol.* What then! your honour! why to be sure, the few that could run, run away; and then all was peace and quiteness.

*Stir.* Do you not know how many there were?

*1st Sol.* How many! your honour must know, that they were speechless; they carried their tongues in *them* damn'd bayonets, and most of our guard, I believe, are eating their breakfast with their great-grandfathers!

*Stir.* What corps do you belong to?

*1st Sol.* Pennsylvanians, an please your honour.

*Stir.* Go, and join your regiment.

*(Exeunt Soldiers.)*

Colonel Clark, as it begins to be light, go and get intelligence. I, every moment, expect General Sullivan:  
one



one or other of us, you will find here, to make a report to.

*Clark.* I shall not stay long, my Lord.

*(Exit Clark.)*

*Stir.* I begin to feel easy: it has been but a scouting party; and they have gone back again. It is a devilish raw morning, and I must have something to keep the cold out.

*(Exit.)*

SCENE a Hill, with troops drawn up, under arms

*Enter SULLIVAN and STIRLING.*

Time broad day light.

*Stir.* Well, do you think, from the examination of these fellows, that it was a mere scouting party, that surprized the guard?

*Sul.* Their silence, my Lord, with me, marks order and good conduct: besides, they do not make war by scouting parties—but here comes Colonel Clark.

*Enter CLARK.*

*Clark.* Gentlemen, the regulars are in motion: they are numerous, and will be here within an hour. From yonder hill, I looked down upon them.

*Stir.* Good Colonel, have they any artillery with them?

*Clark.* I know not, my Lord; but I must away and join my men. O what a scrape, those cattle have brought me into. I am afraid, I shall be obliged to fight at last.

*(Aside, and exit.)*

*Sul.* Well, my Lord, will you make a disposition for your favourite scheme of surrounding?

*Stir.* For God's sake, dear General, don't mention it. I did not expect them this way: our whole dependence

pendance is upon you, my dear General; but do not let them cut off our retreat.

*Sul.* Let four brigades immediately take post in the bottom, and extend from the small house below, as far as the stone house upon the left; and farther, if the hill gives them cover: let them approach as near the road as possible, without being discovered. The Pennsylvanians are to draw up, at the foot of this hill, in full view of the enemy. From their uniform, they may be taken for Hessians; and the fire from the brigades, be more completely surprizing and effectual.

*Stir.* It shall be done——Oh! it shall be done.

*(Exit Stirling.)*

*Sul.* If they should force these brigades to the hill, we can easily maintain this post, against the united force of Britain, without loss; and make the retreat to our lines, when we please, unmolested.

*Re-enter Stirling.*

*Stir.* The Brigades are disposed, as your Excellency directed; and the regulars are nearly up to them: you will see their advanced guard pass the stone house, directly.

*Sul.* There they are, and have discovered the Pennsylvanians; for they have quitted the road, and push towards them.

*Stir.* I hope to God, they will push back again, as soon as our fire begins. O! there they go——well fir'd my boys! they cannot stand this! you'll see, they will push directly, General.

*Sul.* I see they do push, but it is with their bayonets; and our men are scampering towards us.

*Enter a Pennsylvanian, hastily.*

'Stop soldier, you are far enough.

*Pen.*

*Pen.* I will be judge of that, my dear ; for, by my soul, honey, you have brought old Ireland about your ears, at last ; and we can find the way to eat now, without asking such vermin as you for victuals.

*(Exit.)*

*Stir.* Dear General, what shall we do now ?

*Sul.* Ply the artillery, as fast as possible.

*Enter an Officer.*

*Offi.* Towards the south, an incessant firing has prevailed for half an hour, nor has it ought approached : my post is that way advanced, but I thought my duty bid me quit it, to give you this information.

*Sul.* You have my thanks. To your post again, and let me speedily be informed, if the firing approaches.

*(Exit Officer.)*

While they are kept at bay, my Lord, we are safe upon this hill.

*Stir.* But yet we should prepare for a retreat—for see, where they fearless climb up yonder hill.

*Sul.* There is nothing to obstruct us in our rear, my Lord : we will retreat in good time.

*Enter CLARK.*

*Clark.* Lost ! O Lord, undone ! ruined ! destroyed !

*Sul.* Amazement ! what ails the man ?

*Clark.* In the rear—there, in our rear—no retreat ! no retreat !

*Sul.* Too true—there is part of the royal army, indeed, between us and our lines.

*Stir.* O General Sullivan ! General Sullivan !—what do you think of it now ?

*Sul.* This I now know, my Lord, that we heaven-born Generals, are exceedingly apt to lead our troops to the devil.

*Stir.*

*Stir.* But my dear General Sullivan, what shall we do?

*Sub.* Just what you please: every man is now his own General, so, Gentlemen, farewell.

*(Exit.)*

*Stir.* Do not leave me also, Colonel Clark. O Lord, incline their hearts to mercy.

*Clark.* Amen, and amen. I hope, however, that we are not of consequence enough to be hanged. This way, my Lord, this way.

*(Exit.)*

SCENE, FORT GREEN, in Brooklyn Lines: A Centinel on one of the Merlins, looking out.

*Enter WASHINGTON.*

*Wash.* What do you look so earnestly at, Sentry?

*Sen.* At our people, Sir, that are setting fire to the houses and barns, in their retreat.

*Wash.* What, are they retreating then?

*Gen.* Look this way, Sir; there they run, like so many deer and will get in: but the poor souls yonder, that come across the meadow, and attempt to cross the mill creek; O! what a number of them stick in the mud, and the stronger ones make a bridge of them.

*Wash.* All other retreat must be cut off: but I shall soon know the event, for here comes Putnam galloping.

*Enter PUTNAM.*

What is the disaster? what news do you bring me General Putnam.

*Put.* This is no Boston work, Sir? they are in earnest! Orders must be immediately issued, for the Boats to be in readiness, to carry our people over to New-York.

*Wash.*



*Wash.* There is time enough for that General Putnam, after we have defended these works : the account of the Battle is what I wish to hear.

*Put.* Defend Sir ! we cannot defend these works ; our people won't defend them : if they do not see the boats ; they will swim over, they won't be hemm'd in to be made minc'd of. If you don't give your orders I will give the orders myself.

*Wash.* If it must be so, the orders shall originate with me : and as soon as you have satisfied me on the fate of the day, proper measures shall be taken.

*Put.* Accursed fate, indeed, and most impious, for they took us fasting ; and then they deceived us—a devilish deception too ; for they did not come any one way, that we had marked out for them.

*Wash.* Well, but you had the woods, and the hills, and every other advantage. The rifle-men did great execution from behind the trees, surely !

*Put.* Zounds ! Sir, the regulars did all the execution ! They know that rifle-men are deer-killers !—— Rifle guns and rifle frocks, will be as cheap in their camp to-morrow, as cods-heads in Newfoundland.— But the orders, Sir ; no time is to be lost : they are at our heels.

*Wash.* Have patience, General. What is our loss ? Where are the other Generals ?

*Put.* How can I tell, where they are, or what our loss really is ; but I am sure it is thousands. Good God, Sir, let us make haste, to save what is not lost.

*Wash.* This, General Putnam, is against my will ; but I wait on you to execute yours. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE, a Room, at Brooklyn Ferry.

*Enter NOAH, solus ; his cloaths covered with creek mud.*

*Noah.* Notwithstanding your dirty condition, Mr. Noah, I congratulate you, on your safe arrival into, your old quarters ; neither hol'd by musquet balls

D

nor

nor swelled up with salt-water and creek mud. Thanks to my activity, that I am not crab's meat with the rest.

*Enter KING.*

Welcome, Joe ; dripping from the creek, I see : but I am glad to see you alive !

*King.* Confirm it, that I really am alive, for I feel some doubts about it.

*No.* Don't you know me then ?

*King.* As well as I know myself, Noah : but are we not both in the other world !

*No.* Why, man, look about you ; and you will find this to be the very room, that we have inhabited, for sometime past.

*King.* My senses, good Noah, claim conviction : something, first, to cherish me, and then I may be convinced, that I can, with propriety, talk upon sublunary subjects.

*No.* Behold, Joe, this pocket bottle ; one half of it's contents, I prescribe to your conviction and restoration.

*King.* (*Drinks.*) Now I return your congratulations, and am heartily glad to find you on this side of the grave—but, Noah, what has become of our Generals ?

*No.* Killed or taken prisoners ; but I suppose the latter.—My poor General, I quite lament him.

*King.* Mine is under the same predicament, but I have not a pity for him :—nor should I love you very much, if I thought you serious in your lamentation.

*No.* Consider ; he and I were brought up together : we went together to sea, before the mast ; and since he commenced lawyer, he maintained a suit for me against my mother, and got the cause.

*King.* Confound the dog ! But was he really a lawyer, and did he influence you, to commence an action against your mother ?

*No.* He !—why, that fellow, drank flip every night with

with the common people of our town of Berwick, and had art enough, to influence them to all his ends.

*King.* And some hundreds of the common people, has he influenced to their end, this day.——But, for God's sake, Noah, how came a man of your understanding, in the capacity of this fellow's servant?

*No.* Without doubt, I might have started with a regiment, and probably, have been myself, a general by this time. But I saw through their topsy turvy schemes; ——though I was obliged to float with the tide, I knew, the post of honour, would be the most private station. But Sullivan will be a loss to his family.

*King.* So will not Stirling. He will be a loss to no body, but those that find him. Had Sullivan any property?

*No.* most excellent property, for he made a property of weakness and ignorance, and consequently had an extensive fund. ——But your's was a titled general, and I suppose very full of property; as he has often declared, he was of principle.

*King.* His principle, Noah, has for years past, been to withhold other peoples' property from them; and when all the resources of art failed, his estate was exposed to sale by virtue of an execution: But he resisted the Sheriff, and declared himself a partizan of confusion, because law and order, would compel him to acts of justice.——But do you recollect, that this is the fast day?

*No.* Is it, really! then it is one of the baits, which the continental Congress threw out, for the people of America to bite at; and the event gives the lie to the inflaming and prophetic oratory, this day resounded from the pulpits of New-England. A day on which, heaven has discarded them, and disavowed their cause, in a remarkable manner. O King, our preachers prevented this unhappy dispute, from coming to a bloodless issue.

*King.* It is a maxim with the Congress at Philadelphia, that by the marvellous; the vulgar are to be robb'd  
of

of their reason ; but heaven has rejected the sacrifice, that the people may open their eyes, and be no longer the dupe of their tyranny, deception and bloodshed.

*No.* From the first meeting of that *Hydra* at Philadelphia, it's sixty-four mouths, have all been open to devour two strangers !

*King.* Devouring mouths, I know they are ; but what strangers do you point at ?

*No.* Power ! and Riches !

*King.* True, very true—strangers, indeed, to most of them : the first they have amply usurped from the people, and have had art enough, to make use of them as instruments, to confirm the usurpation.

*No.* They are, indeed, such monopolizers of liberty, that they do not suffer other people to follow their inclinations : but as we know, and consequently detest, their machinations ; let us avail ourselves of the character of servants, and the confusion of retreat, to lie concealed, until they are clear of the island.

*King.* Agreed ; and in order that we may claim the mercy, that our good old master has extended to his erring servants, and return to that authority which never oppressed a subject ; let us renew our allegiance to the most amiable and virtuous Prince, that ever sway'd a sceptre ; and join our weak endeavours, in supporting a constitution, that has been, at once, the envy and admiration of the whole world.

*No.* I honour your sentiments, because I, experimentally, know them to be just. And O ! almighty disposer of human events, open the eyes of my deluded fellow-subjects, in this, once, happy country : encourage them to a free exercise of that reason, which is the portion of every individual, that each may judge for himself : then peace and order, will smile triumphant, over the rugged face of war and horror : the same hand that sows, shall reap the field ; and our vines and vineyards be our own.

*Exeunt omnes.*

T H E E N D.

Boa  
6/4/03